

Squatter Sovereign.

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Squatter Sovereign

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Miscellaneous.

For the Squatter Sovereign.

FRIENDSHIP.

(LINES IN AN ALBUM.)

Friendship! mellifluous to our ear
The utterance of this word,
And oft we fall silent tears
When its sweet sound we've heard.
Friendship! when kindred spirits meet
Springs up this sacred flower,
Its leaves put forth its roots deep seat
And blooms within an hour.
Friendship! foes often claim this home,
But ah! how great their crime;
Since, for alone, some pithy gain,
They fish affection's shrine.
Friendship! it is a treasure rare,
Outweighing India's gold;
Earth's gains will not to it compare—
Its worth can never be told!
Friendship! Mary may be thine
To doleful life's way;
May it, like pearls, around you shine
Where'er you go on earth you stay.
Atchison, K. T. GONDOLINE.
From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

BY CHARLES H. GRANT.

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NELLY

The Rag Gatherer.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

Near where Canal street now extends its range of warehouses, and commodious dwellings—where, over the broad flagging, youth and beauty trip so fleetly, and the din of omnibuses, cart and cab, is unceasing—there stood, about the year 1806, a low, dark, dismal stone building, which had more the air of a prison than any less equivocal residence. Upon the ground floor there were but two windows, and they were boarded over, excepting one row of cracked and dirty panes at the top. The windows on the second floor, were all tightly closed by heavy wooden shutters, once black, but now discolored by time and rain to a hue even more dismal. The house stood a few rods back from the street, and was enclosed by a broad fence made of split rails, which prevented any one from looking into the yard, which was one mass of tangled weeds and filthy rubbish, where at every step the miry soil yielded beneath the foot, or after a run became a loathsome, stagnant pool.

This part of New York was called the "Collect." It was then almost a swamp, and so remained for many years. "Of course, it was deemed unhealthy—the hot-bed of fevers and agues; and for that reason, probably, while both above and below and on each side, the hand of improvement and wealth was rapidly extending streets and erecting noble buildings, this "Collect" remained almost an isolated spot—the rendezvous of thieves and assassins—and rendered also even more famous by many idle tales of superstition; so that this building, good year after year, apparently untenanted, growing more and more gloomy as time wore on. But it was not so. Every day there might be seen issuing from the narrow gateway an old, miserable looking woman, in perfect keeping with the abode. Her dress, although clean, was of the coarsest and most scanty materials eked out with shreds and patches of every shape and hue. An old tattered shawl was thrown over her bosom, her arms were nearly bare, she wore no stockings, and her slipshod, ragged shoes were fastened around her ankles by two or three bits of rag. A straw bonnet of most unseemly shape and color, was pinched down over her face and tied under the chin by an old dingy white handkerchief. Over her shoulders she always wore a greasy brown bag, and in her hand one of those long wooden poles with an iron hook attached to either end, denoting her occupation as Rag-gatherer.

Long used to stooping amid the dirt and rubbish, her form had become bent nearly double; and after a day's work, she might be seen prowling about the streets, or in the "Collect," a dry goods store, or a hute rag and refuse from the door of the wealthy citizens. So miserable was her appearance that frequently some charitable person, touched by her decrepitude and poverty, would drop at her feet a few pennies, or even a silver coin, which Nelly, as she was called by the shop boys and servants, would greedily pick up, mumbling as she did so a few all unmeaning words of thanks.

Only a few hours of each day did Nelly devote to her strolls; she would then return to that wretched, dreary dwelling, and inspect and arrange her filthy store. The rags she would wash and hang over the tall rank weeds, meet to bear such fruit; and if, perchance, anything of more value had fallen to her lot, as was often the case, it was carefully hoarded away. No one was ever admitted within those walls; yet sometimes a beggar would waylay even this poor wretch as she entered her gate, nor were they refused aid; if for a penny or a crust, the Rag-gatherer would bestow her mite.

Had she lived in the days of Salem witchcraft, Nelly would assuredly have been hung for a witch, nor did she even now escape suspicion of belonging to that worthy sisterhood. As no light, however dim, was ever seen gleaming from its walls, the neighbors, by a curious knowledge of the habits of the poor, knew that Nelly was in the society of the "Old Scratch," and more than one person testified that she had been seen sitting upon the top of the fence in the shape of a large black cat, glaring so frightfully that the whole marsh became illuminated by her fiery eye-balls. Others said the "Old Scratch," with proper politeness occasionally returned these visits in kind, and might be heard in dark stormy nights, when the wind howled and the thunder rolled, growling around the gate. That she had made league with this same respectable gentleman, was no doubt; her rags assuredly transmuted to gold and silver, for the chink of the hard dollars and guineas was said to be heard as plainly as the ten-pennies of a neighboring alley. Sportsmen affirmed that frequently, when they had come snipe-shooting in the vicinity of the Rag-gatherer's house, the snipes had acted as if they were bewitched—paying no regard whatever to their shot, but merely turning tail, with a bit me if you can air, flew lazily over the old fence.

As quills are always more or less superstitious, these very reports rendered the Rag-gatherer properly more secure in her castle; for even if she had the luck of changing rags to gold, the thief preferred knocking a gentleman gently upon the head in Broadway or the Bovey, to venturing into the den of one so near to the devil; for although performing his business in the most faithful manner, he seemed to have strong repugnance to facing his employer.

It was a chilly day in Autumn that, as Nelly was returning from her daily toil, her attention was attracted by a young woman who seemed nearly fainting upon the damp ground, her head reclining against a rough stake or post, while crouched shivering at her feet was a lit-

tle girl, apparently about six years of age. Nelly was not unfeeling; the heart which beat beneath that wretched covering was more alive to pity than many which throb beneath a silken zone; so she stopped, and in a kind voice demanded the cause of the poor woman's distress. In tones broken by grief and pain, her little story was told in a few words. She was dying, she said, of want—her husband, after a long sickness, had been buried only a week before, leaving her friendless and forlorn—and that, unable longer to pay the rent of a wretched cellar, the cruel landlord had thrust her forth with her child into the pitiless streets to die—for she knew she must, there was such a load upon her heart, and were it not for her poor little child, she cared not how soon she was laid at rest in the quiet grave yard. Nelly spoke words of comfort to her, and, taking her to rise, bade her lean upon her, and then taking the little attenuated hand of the child in hers, she led them to her miserable abode. That shelter which the rich man denied, the Rag-gatherer freely gave, and with it—kindness!

In her work of benevolence it seemed as if renewed strength and agility were given her. She placed her on a straw pallet—coarse, but cleanly; she chafed her hands and poured her out a cup of water, which she succeeded in getting her to drink; nor, in the meanwhile, had she forgotten to give into the hands of the famishing child a generous slice of bread. How tenderly she smoothed the pillow of the poor young creature, and bathed her throbbing temples! But all would not do—life was evidently ebbing fast away. Remembering there was a physician not far off, she hastened with all speed to summon him. There was apparently a struggle with this disciple of Galen at crossing the threshold of one so miserable, for on tiptoeing careful steps he entered—just glanced toward the bed—pronounced the patient "well enough," and would have retreated, but the long fingers of Nelly seized his arm with the grip of a tigress—her black eyes flashing both with anger and contempt, as she said—

"Stay! and fear not your services will go unpaid. Here is gold for you! Save this poor woman, if in your power, for the sake of that helpless babe."

Although the eyes of the doctor suddenly opened wide at the exigency of the case, and although he felt her pulse, and administered some soothing stimulant, it needed more than the hand of man to strengthen anew the "silver cord." Ere morning she died, with her last breath commending the orphan to the protection of the old woman. "As God reads my heart, I promise you your child shall be as my own," whispered Nelly, bending over and keeping her in a hush. All that one like me can do, I will!

The mother fixed her eyes upon the good creature, tried to speak her thanks, and then, seeing her child to be so near to heaven, she turned her spirit to rest. The Rag-gatherer then prepared the body for its final bed—from her hoarded gains she purchased a decent coffin, and then when all was ready, she called in a clergyman to perform the last mournful rites. In an obscure corner of "Potters' Field" the young stranger was buried—unwept—unknown!

As the hearse disappeared, Nelly again bolted her door, and taking the weeping child upon her knee strove to comfort her. She gazed long and tenderly upon the sweet face of the little orphan, and it was only when well repaid the scrutiny, that she was a gentle, timid child, with great delicacy of form and feature. Light, golden hair, waving in silken ringlets over a brow and neck of dazzling fairness—eyes of beautiful deep blue, seeming, from their mournful cast, to bespeak at once your love and pity, and a rosy little mouth, inviting the kiss it so sweetly returned. Her mother had called her Violet, and Nelly had asked no other name. And now this poor creature, so long an object of contempt, and even contumely by the crowd, had found something upon which to lavish her heart's affection—a being more precious than herself to cherish—she so friendly and unsightly to the eye, received now the artless caresses of this pure, lovely child. The walls of her dwelling, late so dismal and desolate, were suddenly filled with life and music! From the day she had sworn to protect the little Violet, old Nelly seemed a changed being. Her tones were now low and gentle, her footsteps noiseless, as if she feared her happiness an illusion that the least rudeness might dispel, or that the little being she had learned so to love, was but a vision which a breath might dissolve; and old and decrepit as she was, her goodness made her lovely in the eyes of the child.

As Violet grew older, the old woman gradually withdrew from her habitual rounds and devoted her time more to the instruction of her young charge. She taught her to read and spell correctly—guided her little hand in learning her to write, and was continually storing her mind with lessons of truth and purity. Words of such beauty seemed strange, issuing from the mouth of one whose life appeared to have been a scene of cruel toil and privation! She instructed her in all branches of needle work, even to the finest embroidery—yes, those fingers, used to plucking the rags and rubbish from unsavory sewers, now threaded the variegated worsteds, and beautiful buds glowed beneath her hand!

Allow a few years to pass unnoted, and Violet is again before us. She had now reached her fourteenth year, and neither thought nor wished for other home than the roof of the Rag-gatherer. Those four walls were the world to her, and there her days passed in peace and happiness. Nelly was usually absent many hours in the day, and rarely returned before night. Where those were passed was a mystery: she never divulged even to Violet, who was employed the meanwhile contentedly with the needle, and in perusing the very few books which the old woman had managed to procure. Day after day, as she threw her bag over her shoulders to depart, Nelly would enjoin upon Violet never to be seen at the window above, and on no account to open the gate, no matter how hard it was assailed, and without a mirror Violet had strictly obeyed. But one day, a bright sunny one it was too, when she could hear the birds singing, and the insects chirping amid the grass, Violet, perhaps for the first time, pined to be loose from that dismal old building. She tried to sew, but the needle slipped away from her heedless hands. She opened her books—How tedious! She had read all a thousand times. She then tried to sing, but her voice failed her. She then tried to read, but her eyes failed her. She then tried to sew, but the needle slipped away from her heedless hands. She opened her books—How tedious! She had read all a thousand times. She then tried to sing, but her voice failed her. She then tried to read, but her eyes failed her. She then tried to sew, but the needle slipped away from her heedless hands.

Passing over the grief of Violet, at finding herself about to be separated from the only friend she had on earth, we find her at the hour appointed, waiting the messenger of Mrs. Ballantyne.

As her eye caught the figure reflected in the old cracked looking glass, it was no wonder she started with surprise. A beautiful woman, in the place of the faded, coarse calico, she had previously worn; a blue scarf veiled her bosom, and a little gipsy hat, tied under her dimpled chin with blue ribbons, shaded her youthful, modest face. Thus attired, poor Violet, fluttering, trembling, like a timid bird, shrunk from offered freedom.

Mrs. Ballantyne was a gay and handsome widow. Her fortieth birthday had already passed, but so lightly had time marked these milestones to the grave, (as we have had occasion to say of all appearances, she was as youthful as at five and twenty. Her complexion, perhaps, had suffered but the brightness of her fine black eyes was undimmed; her raven tresses, still unaltered, rested in rich glossy folds upon her lily brow; her mouth was small—yet superb and her figure retained all its youthful elasticity and grace. Left a widow at an early age, Mrs. Ballantyne for several years, secluded herself entirely from the gay world. All her thoughts—all her affections—centered in her only child, a lovely boy. Report had said the married life of Mrs. Ballantyne had been far from happy; but, if so, she certainly evinced all the grief of the most affectionate wife, for, even after her son was old enough to be placed at school, she still persisted in her seclusion, seeing none but her most intimate friends, and only relieving the monotony of her existence by daily habituating herself to the exercise of walking, in which however, she was constantly refused all participants. These solitary walks, so regular, and in all weathers, at last gave rise to many ill-natured and unkind remarks, tending in the end to sully the pure fame of the young widow. But even while the world whispered and wondered, Mrs. Ballantyne suddenly gave a new impetus to their tongues and conjectures, by suddenly renouncing her former manner of life, and casting aside her mourning weeds, stepped forth from her darkened chamber a radiant, beautiful woman—gay enchanting—spirited!

With taste as novel as it was exquisite, she furnished her splendid mansion; the elegance of her equipage was the topic of the day; while balls, suppers, and parties, followed each other in rapid succession.

It was now the dashing Mrs. Ballantyne! Her salon was thronged with the elite of the fine arts, befriended the unfortunate, and gave liberally to every charitable purpose.

The same mystery to be sure, still attached itself to her private affairs; certain hours of every day she was invisible; but now the world deemed it only an eccentricity, and as such it passed. Nor was she without admirers. Statesmen and heroes would gladly have laid their laurels at her feet, and many a youthful lover worshipped at her shrine; but maternal love shielded her heart from other ties. Under all the apparent frivolity of her character, there was much, very much that was truly excellent and noble. Her son was never forgotten—he was still the idol of her fondest hopes and affection. With talents of high order brought into development by judicious instruction, Eugene Ballantyne, at the age of seventeen, had nearly completed his collegiate course and had already evinced a strong desire to enter the ministry. His health, however, having suffered from close application to study, it was deemed advisable for him to make the tour to Europe ere he came to any definite determination.

Such then was the person who was to receive the humble protégée of the Rag-gatherer. What a transition from the wretched dwelling of the latter, to the luxurious abode of wealth and fashion; where the very air seemed oppressed with its own fragrance! Yet the mind of Violet, appeared fitted for this refined sphere—so strangely had old Nelly been in all her obscurity and poverty cultivated this lovely flower. She was like the sweet lily of the vale opening its delicate petals in the wild yet when transplanted to the conservatory of rank and choicest odors, then only appearing to have found its proper place!

It was the afternoon upon which Violet had taken a last farewell of her childhood's home, with what sorrow has been shown, that Mrs. Ballantyne, seated in her private apartment, waited the arrival of her protégée. It was the month of June, and it would seem Flora herself had showered this little retreat of the widow with her most beautiful offerings. Vases of the most tasteful designs were scattered around filled with choice roses—sprays of fresh flowers were suspended over the mirror, and the transparent window curtains were looped with the same. The floor was covered with an India matting, and in the centre of the room stood a small Egyptian table bearing an urn, also of antique model, in which the rarest essences united their fragrance with the less brilliant flowers of our climate. Upon this table were choice prints—rare medallions—etchings, and the walls were also decorated with gems from the first masters. Silken hangings of a pale rose color dropped in graceful folds over a recess, disclosing within the couch of the fair mistress of this apartment, around which fell curtains of snowy muslin, looped here and there with the same beautiful hands as confined those at the windows.

The dress of Mrs. Ballantyne was a pale green silk, ornamented with double rosettes of pink satin. The sleeves were of the finest lace, falling just below the elbow, disclosing the beautiful contour of

her arm, clasped at the wrist by a rich bracelet of emeralds and rubies. Her glossy black hair was parted upon her forehead and gathered in one heavy mass upon the top of her head, where it was confined by a shell comb of exquisite workmanship. In her hand she held a miniature of her son, who had that morning returned to college. Upon this her eyes were fondly fixed, when a gentle rap at the door aroused her from her pleasing employment.

Bewildered at the beautiful scene before her, so novel, so enchanting; confused, abashed at the presence of the elegant woman who now kindly greeted her, Violet stood trembling at the entrance, her cheeks suffused with blushes rivaling the tints of the roses around her. One hand rested on the polished moulding, the other was partly raised, as if to shield her eyes from so much splendor, and one little foot was just poised upon the marble sill, hesitating to bear its lovely young mistress into a spot so strangely beautiful. Mrs. Ballantyne advanced, and gently taking her timid gipsy hat and the golden curls leaped gaily forth from their unwonted thralldom, and nestled again around their sweet resting place.

At length Violet dared to raise her eyes; she met the encouraging smile, and heard the gentle voice of that lovely lady, and her agitation suddenly calmed; her fears subsided; she even smiled in return, and in a short time felt she no longer a stranger. Thus affable and kind were the manners of Mrs. Ballantyne.

In simple language, and with artless grace, Violet related her little history. It was an eventful one, nor had she tales of harshness to reveal, nor complaints of suffering; her path had been a lonely one but without thorns. The goodness of poor old Nelly was her theme, and when told the sufferings even to speak to her, the tears so lately repressed again burst forth until even those of the listener mingled with them. Suddenly her eye rested upon the miniature of Eugene. She started, blushed, and faltered forth:

"This himself! Oh, madam, 'tis the same who tore me from the arms of that bad man!"

It was now Mrs. Ballantyne's turn to be surprised. "Are you sure? Why this is the miniature of my son, Eugene?"

"Yes, madam, I am sure. Oh, I never can forget that face, never!"

Mrs. Ballantyne certainly evinced more feeling than there was any necessity for, as she gazed upon the picture.

Well Violet, it may be so; but you must never speak of it again. Should you meet my son, on no account betray your identity with the Rag-gatherer's child. True she is an excellent old person, but it is fitting you should forget her; your station in life for the future must preclude all allusion to the past; you are now Miss Darling, my ward, my niece, or any other title I may claim for you!"

The next news in the fashionable world, was that the eccentric widow had adopted a young girl, lovely as Juliet, artless as Ophelia, but more than one tantalizing glance had been obtained of her fair young face, as she was suddenly removed to a distance from the city and placed at school for the next three years, during which Mrs. Ballantyne, partially withdrew from her gay career and devoted herself more to literary pursuits, awaiting with great anxiety the return of her son from Europe. At length the fond mother was made happy as she once more pressed her darling child to her bosom. He returned to her in perfect health, and the beautiful of manly beauty. She was not now to know for the first time that his heart and disposition were true.

Violet also returned, and met the same kind welcome.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

THE THREE WORDS

Which Followed Benedict Arnold to his Grave.

BY GEORGE LIPFARD.

When we look for the traitor again, we find him standing in the steeple of the New London Church, gazing with a calm joy upon the waves of fire that roll around him, while the streets beneath flow with the blood of men, women and children.

It was in September, 1781, that Arnold descended like a Destroying Angel upon the homes of Connecticut. Tortured by a remorse that never for a moment took its rapture break from his heart; fired by a hope to please the king who had bought him, he went with men and horses, swords and torches, to desolate the scenes of his childhood.

Do you see this beautiful river flowing so calmly on beneath the light of the stars? Flowing so silently on, with the valleys, the hills and meadows, and the plains of Connecticut, on either shore.

On one side you behold the slumbering town, with outlines of St. Trumbull rising above its roofs, on the other a dark and massive pile, pitched on the summit of rising hills, Ft. Griswold.

All is very still and dark, but suddenly two columns of light break into the starlit sky. One, here, from Ft. Trumbull, another over the opposite shore, from Ft. Griswold. This column marks the career of Arnold and his men; that the progress of his brother in murder.

While New London, baptized in blood and flames, rings with death groans—there are heard the answering shouts of murder from the heights of the Fort on the opposite shore.

While Benedict Arnold stands in the steeple, surveying the work of assassins, yonder in Ft. Griswold, a brave young man, who finds all defence in vain, rushes

towards the British officer and surrenders his sword.

By the light of the musket we behold the scene.

Here lies the young American, his uniform torn, his manly countenance marked with the traces of fight. There, the British leader, clad in his red uniform, with a sword darkened by the red, royal face.

The American presents his sword, you see the British grasp it by the hilt, and with an oath, drive it thro' the American's heart, transfusing him with his own blood!

The single course of the heroic Lord-Lady, stabbed with his own sword, should speak to us with a voice as eternal as the justice of Heaven.

While he laid cold and stiff on the floor of the conquered Fort, the flames of the burning town spread to the vessels of the river, and by the light of blazing roofs and sails, Benedict Arnold looked his last upon his childhood's home.

Soon afterwards he sailed from our shores and came back no more.

From this time forth, wherever he went, three whispered words followed him, ringing through his ears and into his heart—ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR!

When he stood before the King, in the House of Lords—the weak old man whispered in familiar tones to his gorgeously attired General—a whisper crept through the thronged Senate, faces were turned, fingers extended, and as the whisper deepened into a murmur, one venerable Lord arose and stated that he loved his sovereign, but could not speak to him while by his side stood Arnold, the TRAITOR.

He went to the theatre, parading his warrior form amidst the fairest flowers of British nobility and beauty, but no sooner was his visage seen than the whole audience rose—the Lord in his cushioned seat, the vagrant of London in the gallery—they rose together, while from the pit to the dome echoed the cry—"ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR!"

When he issued from his gorgeous mansion, the liveried servant that ate his bread, and earned it too, by menial offices, whispered in contempt to his fellow lackeys, as he took his position behind his master's carriage—"ARNOLD, THE TRAITOR!"

One day, in a shadowy room, a mother and two daughters, all attired in the weeds of mourning, were grouped in a sad circle, gazing upon a picture shrouded in crape. A visitor announced. The mother took the card from the hands of the servant, and the daughter read his name. "Go!" said the mother, rising, with a flushed face, while a daughter caught each hand, "Go and tell this man that my household name is never to be mentioned by the lips of any one!"

Grossly insulted in a public place, he appealed to the company—noble Lords and renowned men were there—and breathing his fierce breath, he spit full in his face. This antagonist was a man of tried courage. He coolly wiped the saliva from his cheek. "You may spit upon me, but I can never pollute my sword by killing—ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

He left London. He engaged in commerce. His ships were on the ocean—his warehouses in Nova Scotia—his plantations in the West Indies. One night his warehouses were burned to ashes. The entire population of St. Johns—accusing the owner of acting the part of incendiary in his own building, in order to defraud the insurance companies—assailed him in that British town, in sight of his warehouses, they hung an effigy, inscribed with these words—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

When the Island of Guadeloupe was retaken by the French, he was among the prisoners. He was put on board a French prison ship in the harbor. His money, thousands of yellow guineas, accumulated through the course of years—was about his person. Afraid of his own name, he called himself John Anderson, the name once assumed by John Andre. He deemed himself unknown, but the sentinel approaching him whispering that he was known and in great danger. He assisted him to escape, even aided him to enclose his treasure in an empty cask; but as the prisoner, gliding down the side of the ship, pushed his raft towards the shore, the sentinel looked after him, and in broken English sneered—"ARNOLD THE TRAITOR!"

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, his last foot from Paris. It was in the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Pursued by the blood-hounds of the Reign of Terror, stripped of every wreck of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America, in a ship about to sail. He was going a beggar and wanderer to a strange land, to earn his bread by daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of his hotel—"I am about to cross the water, and would like a letter to some person of influence in the New World."

The landlord hesitated a moment, and then replied:

There is a gentleman up stairs, either from America or Britain, but whether an American or Englishman I cannot tell.

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand—who in his life was Bishop, Prince, Prime Minister—ascended the stairs. A miserable supplicant he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room, sat a gentleman of some fifty years, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured over his head. His eyes looking from beneath the down-cast brows, gazed in Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression. His face was striking in its outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will.

His form vigorous even with the snows of fifty winters, clad in dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression